1605/554

A

TRIP

TO THE

PILLORY.

In TWO PARTS.

Being an Excellent

NEW

BALLAD.

To a Pleaſant NEW TUNE.

LONDON:

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MDCCXXVII.

(Price Six Pence.)

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MAR

A TRIP TO THE PILLORY.

PART I.

I.

IN *London* late a Perſon did
Commit a Fact which was not fit:
Ye Ladies all,
I tell you ſhall,
What did befall
Him ev'ry whit.

II.

This Man was very brisk and gay,
And had a Wife, as moſt Folks ſay;
In *London* 'las!
No Doubt there was,
Of ev'ry Claſs,
Fine Women gay.

III.

His Lady cou'd not him content
With her Charms, and Embelliſhment,
Being highly fed,
With Plenty of Bread,
And Wine moſt red,
A ranting goes.

IV.

He ſomewhere elſe muſt go to ſee,
What Diff'rence in the Sexes be;
Drinking, ſwearing,
Sodomiting,
Worſt of whoring,
Hurries he.

V.

Being overtaken in the Fact,
Of which he wou'd, but cou'd not act;
Away was haul'd,
For all his Gold;
And ſoon was call'd
Before Sir *John*.

VI.

When the good Juſtice did examine,
And found his Filthineſs ſo flaming;
His Orders were,
To *Newgate* there,
Where Marſhal ne'er
Did march before.

VII. After

VII.

After he there had ſtaid a-while,
Around the Priſon pranc'd a Mile;
He humbler grew,
Some ſay 'tis true,
We tell it you,
He ſorry was.

VIII.

At length his Trial on it came,
Which did his flagrant Crime enflame,
'Twas ſentenc'd he,
In th' Pillory,
Shou'd ſtand till three
From one at Noon.

IX.

When to the Pillory he came,
The Women gather'd all for Game
To ſee his Face;
With Eggs apace,
Of rotten Race,
They make him rue.

X.

The Women down his Breeches took,
And underneath ſome gave a Look;
And thoſe by *Mars*,
Did whip his A—e
For all his Stars,
Ev'n in the Street.

XI.

For leaving Women fine and gay,
To make a monſtrous Sort of Play,
With wicked Men,
Coiting when,
More Brutal then,
Than ſavage Beaſt.

XII.

Let ev'ry Man ſuch Folks diſdain,
And to their Ladies Love remain:
'Tis natural,
For Mankind all,
To riſe and fall,
By Roſy Maid.

PART II.

I.

AND now, if here we may remark,
Upon this odd and monſtrous Spark;
Say now in Vice,
Without Diſguiſe,
Who'n any wiſe,
Cou'd Pleaſure find.

II.

Some Folks did oft to me relate,
That Vice was but a filthy State;
For my Part I,
Profeſſedly,
Dark Works deny,
Shou'd e'er be done.

III.

And on the other Hand did ſay,
After this Manner to the Gay;
If Pleaſure we,
Aſſured lie,
In high Degree,
Our ſelves ordain.

IV.

We muſt go to the Fountain Head,
And there make Haſte and get be wed;
Let's Virtue find,
If we've a Mind,
She will prove kind,
And courteous too.

V.

If we ſhou'd chance to married be,
And afterwards live honeſtly;
'Tis Virtue then,
For married Men,
Their own Wives when
They love alone.

VI.

If we awhile ſhou'd ſingle be,
And alſo live moſt honeſtly;
'Tis Virtue, Sirs,
For Batchelors,
When they by Force,
The Fleſh refrain.

VII.

To be in a fine Maid's Condition,
And not for Husband yet petition;
'Tis Vertue, Maid,
Be not diſmay'd,
When you're afraid
Of vicious Youth.

VIII.

If the brisk Spark wou'd be prevailing,
And feign with Love wou'd be aſſailing;
Him Diſtance keep,
'Till his Eyes weep,
And ſays, he'll keep,
And love you too.

IX.

Believe not all his Proteſtation,
'Till he loves you on all Occaſion,
And no one elſe,
Around the Bells
Of *Bath* and *Wells*,
But you alone.